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THE TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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For the Transcript.

LINES,

In memory of the bell-man, who rung out the first rejoicing on the passage of the Declaration of Independence:

BY S. A. W.

In the belfry sat that white-haired man
From the morning dim and gray,
Holding the rope in his eager hand,
As the long hours rolled away.
The July sun poured his fervent heat
On the lofty state-house dome;
Why did the bell-man stay his feet
From his sheltered cottage home?

Why did he lean from the window oft,
Eager to catch some sound?
Why was his footstep hushed and soft,
Pacing his narrow round?
Why did his firm heart fail him so,
As the lightning shadows fell,
And he whispered earnestly and low,
The motto of the bell?

Whisp'ring, "Grant, O, God, it may be my hand
That shall waken the mighty voice,
Proclaiming Liberty through the land,
Making its people rejoice."
Hark! a springing step on the creaking stair;
"Ring, ring!" was the joyful shout;
What a peal of glory then and there,
From the molten tongue gushed out.

Rising up louder and yet more clear,
Each thunder tone than the last,
Proclaiming the tidings far and near,
That the glorious act had passed.
You should have seen the old bell-man then;
His arm had a giant's power,
And his heart was the heart of a nation when
She stands in her proudest hour.

It mattered not that the threads of white
Lay his darker locks among;
You could have told by his brow that night
That the old man's heart was young;
And the thoughts that flashed from his steadfast eye,
And lived in his very breath,
And the thunder notes that the bell rolled high,
Were "Victory, or death."

Story of Michael Angelo.

In 1508, Michael Angelo arrived at the Vatican. The Pope received him with open arms, and inquired about his statue. It was finished. As soon as the artist had taken some refreshments, his patron leaning on his arm, led him out to show him all that had been done in his absence. He pointed out the buildings of San Gallo and Bermante and the frescoes of Raffaelle. Michael Angelo praised them unfeignedly. In the square of St. Peter still lay the enormous blocks of Carrara marble waiting for the sculptor's chisel. After having walked some time, Julius led his companion into the Sistine chapel, and, raising his hand toward the vault, said, "Since my uncle's death this beautiful building has remained unfinished. I wish it to be said, Julius II. has completed what Sixtus IV. began. Behold your appointed work; you shall be at once the architect, the painter, and the decorator. Fill this immense vault with frescoes and innumerable figures. I will that the world shall know that Michael Angelo is inimitable not only as a sculptor but as a painter."

For a moment the artist stood silent with amazement; then he said, "your holiness mocks your servant."

"What mean you, Master Buonarotti?"

"My business is to wield the chisel and the mallet. I know little of painting, and nothing of the mechanical part of frescoe work. How, then, can I suddenly at my age change my career! But your holiness can not be in earnest."

"I have said I will it; it is thine to obey."

"And I tell your holiness that this idea never came from yourself. It is an infamous snare laid for me by my enemies. If I accept, I shall certainly fail. Well, I prefer enduring the anger of your holiness to incurring certain shame. I shall instantly return to Florence."

"This time we'll take good care!" cried Julius; and he retired abruptly, leaving the artist a prey to his mute despair. The thoughts that passed through the sculptor's mind during that long, lonely night have ever remained unspoken. But let us imagine him whose mind was teeming with projects, who needed but to strike the rock, and glorious creations would start forth, turned suddenly back in his career, commanded to forget his people of stone, and to evoke in their place a nation of colored shadows, to pass from the summit of one art to the base of another; and this to be accomplished in an hour, truly it was a fierce struggle, and a strange triumph wrought by the indomitable human will.

On the morrow, Julius found Michael Angelo on the spot where he had left him; his arms were folded on his breast, his head bent in profound meditation, his cheeks were pale and his eyes bloodshot, but the form of genius beamed on his brow.

"Well?" said the Pope.

"I submit to your wishes."

"I was sure of it. Believe me, your enemies, in seeking to injure you, have prepared for you a fresh triumph."

"Let Bramante come immediatly to construct the scaffolding."

This man had been foremost in the attack; and now caught in his own snare, the envious architect sought at least to procure a share of work for his nephew Raffaelle. But Julius was inexorable, and dryly ordered Bramante to prepare the necessary planks and cordage.

Meanwhile Michael Angelo passed a few days in total seclusion; and when all was prepared, he showed his designs, and left the estimate of their recompense to San Gallo, one of his most bitter enemies. But on this occasion even envy was ashamed to outrage justice; San Gallo proposed the sum of 15,000 ducats, and the agreement was completed.

Michael Angelo then went to the Sistine, and, for the first time addressing himself to Bramante, said, in the presence of the Pope, and in a tone of insulting irony, "In what manner do you propose master architect, to raise the scaffolding?"

"In the usual manner," replied Bramante, scornfully.

"That is to say——"

"That is to say, master, since you seem ignorant of the first principles of the att you profess, that I will make holes in the vault, that from the openings capstans will descend, and sustain the moveable platform on which you will work."

"Very clear indeed, master Bramante. But permit me to ask you one question; when my paintings shall be finished, how will you stop up those holes?"

"O, time enough to think of that!"

Michael Angelo shrugged his shoulders, and having called the head carpenter, said to him in a loud voice: "Take all this trumpery away, sell it, and keep the proceeds for your own use." He then explained to the astonished Pope the simple and ingenious method which he meant to employ, and which has always since been adopted under similar circumstances.

The next day he sent to Florence for several painters accustomed to frescoe work. He caused them to ascend his scaffold, gave each a portion of the wall to paint, and watched their proceedings closely. A few hours sufficed to make him acquainted with the mechanical portion of the art. He paid them liberally, and dismissed them; then he effaced all they had done, and shut himself up alone in the chapel.

Without any assistant, he tempered the lime, mixed the plaster, and ground his colors. It would be impossible to calculate the amount of patience and persevering labor necessary to overcome the manual difficulties of a new art. Often a few drops or less than the right quantity of water, a coat laid on too thinly or too thickly, in fact the smallest oversight, used to cause his nearly finished frescoe to fall off in patches. But genius mocks at difficulties both great and small. After a time, colors and plaster obeyed their ruler, as marble and bronze had done before. The mechanical obstacles removed, it only remained for him to execute his sublime conceptions. It was the spirit of Dante incarnate under another form, and breathed forth in painting instead of in song. Both have embraced in their vast compositions the whole range of creation, the order and events of time, from the fall of the angels to the last judgement. It would be as impossible to convey an idea of the glories of the Sistine vault to those who have not seen them, as to describe those of Dante's wondrous epic to such as have not felt them. It would be speaking of music to the deaf, and of colors to the blind. Michael Angelo employed but twenty months in this stupendous work. On the day when he finally came down from the scaffolding, his eyes had been so accustomed to looking upwards, that he could no longer without pain, turn them towards the earth. A touching symbol of genius obliged to look downwards and walk with men, after having soared through the regions of the sky.

We will not attempt to describe the overwhelming sensation produced by his master-piece of genius, when it was displayed to public view. Then, as now, the dome of the Sistine was considered as the most marvelous prodigy of human art. At its completion, Michael Angelo had attained his 37th year.

A SPY OF THE REVOLUTION.—In the year 1776, when Gov. Clinton resided in Albany, there came a stranger to his house one cold wintry morning soon after the family had breakfasted. He was welcomed by the household and hospitably entertained. A breakfast was ordered, and the Governor, with his wife and daughter employed in knitting, was sitting before the fire, and entered into conversation with him about the affairs of the country, which naturally led to the inquiry of what was his occupation.

The care and hesitancy with which the stranger spoke aroused the keen-sighted Clinton. He communicated his suspicions to his wife and daughter, who closely watched his every word and action. Unconscious of this, but finding he had fallen among enemies, the stranger was seen to take something from his pocket and swallow it. Meantime, Madame Clinton, with the ready tact of women of those troublesome times, went quietly into the kitchen, and ordered hot coffee to be immediately made, and added to it a strong dose of tartar emetic.

The stranger delighted with the smoking beverage, partook freely of it and Mrs. Clinton soon had the satisfaction of seeing it produce the desired result. True to Scripture, "out of his mouth was he condemned." A silver bullet appeared, which, upon examination, was unscrewed, and was found to contain an important dispatch for Burgoyne. He was tried, condemned and executed, and the bullet is still preserved in the family.

LEE AS A GENERAL.—A correspondent of the New York *Times* supplies that journal with an elaborate criticism on the career of General Lee, taking a much more moderate view of his military ability than is common at the North. We extract the following pointed paragraphs:

Gen. Lee is now advancing in his fifty-fifth year. He was graduated at the Military Academy in 1829, in his twenty-fourth year, and although second on the roll of merit in his class, he made no mark in it, nor did he leave any tradition of ability behind him, like Mason, who was graduated at the head of the class, and Buckingham, who was lower down. The truth is, as a cadet, Gen. Lee performed all his duties properly, patiently and laboriously, for which he was justly rewarded, and earned the reputation of a safe, reliable man, who would execute to the best of his ability the work assigned him. The subsequent career of Gen. Lee, up to the inception of the rebellion, when scrutinized, will be found to be in keeping with his early promise. As an officer of engineers he has left nothing that can be pointed to as denoting other than mere ordinary ability. No one ever thought of quoting him as an authority in his corps, as they would Totten, Thayer, Delafield, Barnard and others. It has been remarked of him, by those who served with him, that he was seldom if ever known to put forth an independent opinion on a professional subject under discussion; that his professional reading was very limited, and his resort to professional works seemed only for the occasion.

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We now come to Gen. Lee's new career, upon which his present claims to the characteristics of military genius rest. His chief work here was the least complex of military problems—that of defending a territory exceedingly difficult to penetrate, offering a number of strong defensible positions, assailable only at the risk of great loss to the assailant in front, and subjecting him to the greater risks of a flank movement in his attempts to turn them. Having had years of time to prepare these defensive points, with a minute knowledge of every inch of ground, having communications to the rear ample and unobstructed, and a population deadly hostile to the invading force, a General must, indeed, have been below mediocrity who would not have conducted his defensive campaigns as respectably as General Lee has done. He has been satisfied with an almost passive resistance, and when he has assumed the offensive it has always been with an eager look to the rear. At the second battle of Bull Run, no able General would have let go so easily his grasp on the demoralized troops of Pope. Subsequently at Antietam, with an exhausted and almost demoralized army to contend with, no able General, with the advantages that Lee had already secured, would have failed to have struck home, with such a momentous stake within his reach.

In the perilous condition of Burnside at Fredericksburg, it required but ordinary military skill to have driven his army into the Rappahannock. Hooker and Sedgwick owed to this want of a true military appreciation of the moment in Lee than to the fighting qualities of their troops. Finally, at Gettysburg, after a handsome first success, with his troops concentrated and well in hand, would an able General have been satisfied to get himself out of the scrape and withdraw when Lee did, with such prospects a second time before him? For his present position and reputation, Gen. Lee is indebted, in no small degree, to his family connections and to that serviceable talent which is the tower of strength of men of mediocrity, *deportment*. Amiable, thoroughly moral, and in his social relations of strict integrity, he always challenges respect; but with these he is lacking in those qualities of a commander which beget the enthusiasm and implicit reliance of the soldier under all circumstances. There is more confidence felt in his prudence than in his boldness; of audacity he has shown none.

☞ Who is old? A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe, he will do something for himself, his neighbor or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life Wellington was at work. So were Newton, Bacon, Milton and Franklin. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste time, and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily.

VERMIN BIDDANCE.—Half an ounce of soap boiled in a pint of water and put on with a brush while boiling hot, infallibly destroys the bugs and their eggs. Flies are driven out of the room by hanging up a bunch of the plantain or fleawort plant after it has been dipped in milk. Rats and mice speedily disappear by mixing equal quantities of strong cheese and powdered squills. They devour this mixture with greediness, while it is innocuous to man. When it is remembered how many persons have lost their lives by swallowing mixtures of strychnine, ratsbane, corrosive sublimate, &c., which are commonly employed for this purpose, it becomes a matter of humanity to publish these items.—*Hall's Medical Journal.*—

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE GUILLOTINE.—Appended to an account of the execution of the French prisoner La Pommerais, the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following history of the guillotine, claiming to correct former versions:

"Of the origin and history of this famous instrument of punishment an erroneous idea generally prevails. The popular version is, that it was invented in 1785 by Joseph Ignatius Guillotin, an eminent physician, and deputy for Paris in the Constituent Assembly. This is not correct. An instrument differing from the guillotine only in its heavy and cumbrous construction, already existed in Italy. It was known in Genoa by the name of *mannaja*, and it was by the *mannaja* that Beatrice Cenci was beheaded at Rome in 1605. The 'maiden,' an instrument not unlike the guillotine, was long known in Scotland, and it was employed on the Regent Morton, who is said to have introduced it. It was used, also, in Halifax, Yorkshire, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The Duke of Montmorency was beheaded at Tolouse, in 1632, with the *mannaja*.

All that Dr. Guillotin, who was a man well known for his humanity, had to do with the matter, was preparing the draught of a law in the Constituent Assembly, in 1789, to the effect that the mode of inflicting death on criminals should be the same for all alike, without any distinction of nobles or plebeians; in fact, that it should be uniform. Before the revolution of 1789 the inequality that existed during life was maintained in death; the noble was beheaded, the *culain* hung from the gallows. But the inequality was a trifling grievance in comparison with the cruelty which accompanied the execution. There was the stake and faggot for those convicted of sacrilege or heresy; the tearing of limb from limb by horses for regicide; the breaking on the wheel, with the additional refinements of barbarity for crimes of other descriptions.

The bill proposed by Guillotin was voted, and the Assembly enacted on the 21st January, 1790, that "in all cases where the law pronounced the penalty of death the punishment should be the same, whatever might be the nature of the crime;" and, moreover, "that the criminal should be beheaded by means of a simple machine." The same Assembly also introduced in the Penal Code (October, 1791) this clause: "The penalty of death shall consist in the simple taking away of life, without the accompaniment of any sort whatever of torture; and the convict so condemned shall be beheaded." The clause stands the same at the present day.

Decapitation being thus declared the only legal mode of inflicting death, the next step was to invent the simplest mechanism and the least painful for that purpose. The Committee of Legislation directed Dr. Louis, who was then perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Surgery, to draw up a report on the best mode of decapitation to be applied to criminals. The report was presented to the committee on the 7th of March, 1792, and on the 20th of the same month the Assembly passed a law, which was sanctioned on the 25th by the king, declaring that the penalty of death should be carried out in the manner recommended in the Report of the Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Surgery. In this paper Dr. Louis did no more than suggest the plan on which the instrument should be constructed; but he was enjoined to get one constructed according to his plan.

A German named Schmitt, a maker of harpsichords, was employed for the purpose, and on the 19th of April, 1792, Dr. Louis informed Roland, then Minister of the Interior, "that experiments had been made with Schmitt's instrument at the Bicetre on three dead bodies, and that the heads were cut off with such precision that he was astonished at the strength and celerity of its action." It was at once introduced, and the "experiments" made with it soon after the date of the latter, and for a long time afterwards, were not of the harmless nature of those at the Bicetre. In the memoirs of Sanson, the famous headsman, recently published, a full account is given of the instrument. The first execution for which it was used was that of a highway robber, which took place on the 27th of May, and the first political execution was that of Collenot d'Anglemont, on the 21st of August following.

The machine was at first popularly known by the name of Louison, or Louisette, from the inventor's name. By some unaccountable change of public opinion, or caprice, it soon got the name of guillotine, which it keeps to this day, and will probably do so as long as it is in use, though Dr. Guillotin had nothing whatever to do with its invention or construction, and had merely proposed the measure of uniformity in the mode of execution. There is another error also very generally spread, that Guillotin himself died on the scaffold during the revolution by the instrument of which the invention was falsely attributed to him. Dr. Guillotin long survived the revolution, and died quietly in his bed in 1814.

ALKALINE STAINS.—These are the opposite of acid stains—they change vegetable blues to green, red to violet, green to yellow, yellow to brown, and annotto to red. They are to be treated with acids. The writer once had a new pair of dark cloth pantaloons changed to a light brown below the knees, by riding on a load of fresh lime in a storm. "Oh! you have ruined your clothes!" was the exclamation; but he deliberately procured a cup of vinegar, and sponging the cloth gradually, completely restored the color, and then again sponging off the compound, left them as good as before.

FROM GEN. SHERMAN'S ARMY.—A special dispatch to the New York *Times*, from Washington, says respecting matters in the Southwest:

"The latest dispatches are dated at Marietta, which our army reached at the opening of this week. The real defensive line of the rebels in Northern Georgia is now the Chattahoochie river, some half a dozen miles north of Atlanta, though Johnston will, of course, obstruct our advance to it for as long a time as possible. Sherman confidently expects to force the passage of the river without much loss, and with much less labor than it has cost for the mountain strongholds of the rebels, which he has in succession captured. Atlanta is elaborately fortified after the fashion of the first line before Petersburg, and the works around Richmond. It is very defensible, the region around, though not mountainous, being hilly, and furnishing many commanding positions. It can be flanked after we command the crossing of the Chattahoochie, by moving a short distance down the north bank of that stream, and then striking for Fayetteville, but that operation would be a perilous one for Gen. Sherman. Were the investment of the place feasible—and perhaps by rapid and skillful movement, and with our large army, this may be accomplished—the whole problem of the war in the Southwest would be greatly simplified.

It is now known from captured documents that it is Jo Johnston's purpose to retreat from Atlanta as soon as it appears that the holding of that place would be too perilous or costly. And it is not probable either that his retreat will cover as great a sweep of country as has generally been supposed. It has been thought he would make for Augusta as soon as he found it necessary to leave Atlanta. But this would uncover the whole State to us, and the rebel Governor of Georgia, with whom Jeff. Davis is in perpetual hot water, and whom he greatly dreads, peremptorily objects to this, and insists on defending the State capital to the last extremity, under threat of rebellion against the confederacy, and assuming control of all the Georgia and other troops he can find to defend the State. Johnston, then, though he may be compelled to evacuate Atlanta, will retreat but a short distance eastward, when his policy will be to retard any further advance by Sherman, by operating upon the very long communications of the latter with all the cavalry he can command. The whole of the Georgia State militia are now in the army of Johnston.

The situation in Georgia is considered to be on the whole both strong and hopeful. If General Sherman can bring the army of Johnston to a general battle before the close of the month, there is confidence that he will succeed in practically breaking it up."

THE RESCUE OF SEMMES.—Captain Semmes having hauled down his flag and asked his conqueror to rescue him and his drowning crew, was in law and honor a prisoner of war. Neither he nor one of his men could have been saved except by the Kearsarge; for the Deerhound acted, and could only act in the case by the consent and at the request, express or implied, of Commodore Winslow. The English yacht was there merely the agent of the American man-of-war. This agency was voluntary. The Deerhound was not compelled to pick up the men of the Alabama. But her captain must have understood perfectly that if he did so he did it for the Kearsarge. He must have known that if the American had supposed he was intending to aid in the escape of his prisoners his vessel would have been sunk in an instant.

Semmes and his men when floating in the water were our prisoners as truly as though they had stood on the deck of the Kearsarge. If their rescue had been effected, under the circumstances, by an English man-of-war, nobody can doubt that they would have been surrendered by the government into our hands. The captain of a private yacht can certainly have no higher rights on the seas than the commander of a national vessel. We trust that before this our minister, Mr. Adams, has made a formal demand upon the British government for the surrender of these men, and that the demand will be promptly acceded to.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

HUMORS OF THE WAR.—Amongst the guns in Grant's camp is one which the men have named the "Petersburg Express." It is a 30-pounder Parrott, and is said to make good time.

Recently, Gen. Sherman found the rebel force opposite him retaining their artillery fire for several days; and no amount of artillery practice from our side sufficed to draw on the rebel gunners. Sherman was of opinion that the rebel artillery was there, and that Johnson or Ewell was tempting him to make an assault, and had secretly massed his guns to inflict a murderous repulse. How to discover where the rebel guns were placed was now the question.

All other efforts failing, Sherman at last uncovered the rebel batteries by the help of an ingenious practical joke. The railroad track stretched past a part of our front, and down close to the rebel line, which it skirted for some distance. Sherman started a locomotive down the track at full speed toward the right.

They heard its shrill shriek, saw it with amazement come tearing down toward their breastworks, and suspecting they did not know what trick, at last, unable to hold in any longer, blazed away with their whole line of batteries at the mysterious monster. That was all Sherman wanted.

JACKSON ON SPECULATORS.—Just before President Jackson retired from the presidency, he told Hon. James Guthrie of his characteristic method of dealing with men who undertook to deal improperly with the exigencies of their country. Contractors followed Gen. Jackson's army far into the Indian country, and when the army began to suffer for provisions, some of these dealers began to ask fabulous prices for their provisions. Jackson was at length informed of their extortionate demands, and he summoned them before him and attempted an appeal to their patriotism. He found that soil perfectly sterile. At length he ordered a body of officers to appraise the goods, and allow the owners a liberal profit, and then he showed these owners the appraisement. He offered to taked their provisions at this appraisement. They refused to sell, and Jackson determined that his soldiers should not starve, ordered the rations to be distributed, and faithful account to be kept.

As soon as the owners saw their provisions disappearing, they waited upon Gen. Jackson and agreed to accept his terms. Everything went on until he offered in payment United States Treasury notes. They refused to take them, and demanded gold. Jackson reasoned with them until he found they were inexorable in their demand. He then ordered a file of soldiers to be detailed, two of them with axes to place the unpatriotic owners on the flatboats on which their goods had been stored. Gen. Jackson said that after he had placed them on the boats, he made what he told them was his last appeal, and at the last moment they consented to take the treasury notes. He paused at this part of the statement until Mr. Guthrie asked him what he intended in case of a persistent refusal. The old patriot replied that he would have ordered the two soldiers armed with axes to cut the cables, and the fellows on board might have floated to hell or Texas, he would not have cared which.' He said, 'a man who would not trust his country when engaged in war was not fit to live.' We heartily say amen to Old Hickory's patriotic sentiment. We regret that he is not here now, to pack unpatriotic currency gamblers on flatboats and float them off to unknown shores.—*Louisville Press.*

☞ The Boston Daily *Advertiser*, in an article upon the delivery of letters by carrier, says: "In London there are probably a thousand persons who can tell you the way to Day and Martin's shop, or to the Egyptian hall, for one who can direct you to the city post-office. Nobody needs to know,—in fact, very few people do know—where the London post-office is. The post-office is only a place where mails are made up for forwarding, and opened for distribution. The person to whom a letter is addressed receives it in the shortest possible space of time at his own door. The writer of a letter deposits it in a pillar-box, or at a station in his neighborhood, and it goes safely and swiftly on its way to the ends of the earth."

THE LITTLE CHAIR.—There is a little chair that occupies a silent nook in a corner of a lonely room. It is never moved out of its place, and only occasionally touched by reverent hands which softly wipe from its arms, and little cane-seat, the atoms of dust, tears dropping fast meanwhile, but wholly unheeded. The little chair has not always occupied its corner so still and solemnly; only a few short weeks, and it was the constant companion, the sharer in all the restless fancies of a bright and busy child. Untiringly up and down the little feet pattered all day long, and only at night the blue eyes dropped wearily, and the loving hands rested from their eager work or play.

But, alas! the blue eyes are closed now, the lashes lay tenderly upon the white cheek, the sunny hair curls lightly over a smooth, placid brow, and the little hands lay peacefully at rest over the heart whose quick pulsations have been suddenly and ruthlessly checked in the very beginning of its sweet young life. Death has been there,—that fearful unrelenting destroyer, who shows no mercy, who annihilates even hope with one icy glance, and leaves to tender pity only the poor consolation of tears.

Has the reader known the anguish of watching day after day, and hour after hour, the fever throes and helpless agony of a little child?—of waiting, with sharpened nerve and quickened senses, for the least sign which could revive hope in the almost fainting heart?—of catching eagerly at some blessed indication of returning life, only to see the last dreadful struggle before it dies out forever? O! to hear once more the sound of the pattering feet, the broken utterance of the tiny voice, more musical than music itself,—to see again the gentle look from the pleading eyes, and be able to yield a willing assent to the request of the baby lips!

But, no, no! heavy eyes may rain down tears enough to enshroud the little form, the throbbing heart may break with its weight of sorrow,—but it will not bring back the idol of the household, or fill with its accustomed occupant the small vacant chair. Mother! thou shalt go to him, but he cannot return to you. There is no remedy, no consolation, for such grief as yours, only the thought that the separation is not final; that there exists one of the strongest of all links, between your soul and heaven.

THE BIGGEST BABY.—What is the reason of the singular passion which mothers seem to have for enormous babies. From the delight and triumph with which a ten-pound baby is exhibited, one would imagine that babies, like Chinese wives, were valued according to their weight. It makes a modest woman, whose baby only weighs six or seven pounds, feel a certain kind of mortification, as if she had failed in her duty in some way. In fact, to be admired, it has become necessary for a baby, in some sort, to be a monster. It must have a very large head, or a development of intelligence totally at variance with all received ideas of babyhood, or limbs which give promise of a young Hercules, or a premature beard to elicit exclamations of wonder, surprise, and pleasure, which are so gratifying to maternal instincts. A simply plump, sound, rosy baby, who knows just enough to attend exclusively to its particular baby business of eating and sleeping, and does both well, is not half fast enough for this fast age,—it finds no special favor in any but its mother's eyes until long afterwards, when it is found that the baby faculty of doing every thing well, and at the right time, clings to it and makes it a useful and valuable as well as pleasant member of the family and of society.

"Pray for Papa!" Happy the man who leaves at home a little voice to speak for him, in his absence. It is only a word, and half-spoken in baby fashion, but it may act as a talisman to the heart of the wife, when the blue eyes close heavily, to hear it send up its accustomed "prayer for papa," before it is lost in the land of dreams.

In casting up accounts, a quiet day at home is not uselessly spent. Women undervalue the round of small duties which occupy their time, and, because they make little noise, and are sometimes, indeed, little thought of, fancy they are of small importance. This is not true. It is these which make up the beauty and attractive grace of home—an institution more necessary to the welfare of the American republic than the issue of a hundred thousand elections, or the depreciation of the entire list of State stocks. By this one institution alone, God has placed in the hands of woman a greater power for good than is to be found elsewhere in the church or the world, and, if it is properly exercised, who shall say that the lives of the humblest have been spent in vain?

ANECDOTE OF AARON BURR.—A writer in the N. Y. *Leader* tells the following:—

Burr was one of the most intimate friends of Isaac Clayson. He dined at his house every week.

The following anecdote was told me by Mr. John F. Delaplaine, the father of Isaac, our late Representative in Congress. He was a son-in-law of Mr. Clayson, and after his death was one of the executors of the estate:

"Not long before his death," said Mr. Delaplaine, speaking of Mr. Clayson, "he said to Col. Burr at dinner, I have a knotty commercial affair, and I do not know but I shall be obliged to employ you or some other lawyer as council. If I do, I will so advise you." Col. Burr inquired the names of the parties, and this was all that passed between them upon the subject at that or any other time. A few days after Col. Burr called at the counting house of Mr. Clayson, and remarked that he was a little short for a few days, and that if Mr. Clayson would lend him $500 for a few days, he would be greatly obliged. Mr. Clayson drew a check for the sum needed, remarking, that Col. Burr could return it when it suited him to do so. Not many months after this transaction Isaac Clayson died. I, as his executor, noticed this entry of indebtedness upon his books for $500. It was noted in the check book margin as a loan. The idea flashed upon me that Col. Burr was so notorious that he was a highly dangerous character to be known to a young merchant. Still it was my duty I owed to the estate to collect it. I determined to look after it, and I called in person upon Mr. Burr and stated the case. He received me with great politeness, saying: "Oh, yes—that little matter shall be attended to in a few days; I recollect all about it." The next week Col. Burr called upon me and presented a bill against the estate of Mr. Clayson for $1,000, fees for consultation (stating the case) as above, and crediting Mr. Clayson for $500. My idea that Col. Burr was a dangerous man proved true. It cost the estate $500, for I paid Col. Burr.

SYRUPS FOR COLDS.—The following excellent remedy should be known: Boil one ounce of flax seed, in a quart of water for half an hour, strain, and add to the liquid the juice of two lemons and a half pound of rock candy. If the cough is accompanied by weakness and a loss of appetite, add half an ounce of powdered gum arabic; set this to simmer half an hour, stirring it occasionally. Take a wineglassful when the cough is troublesome.

The price a man puts on himself is the very highest penny the world will ever bid for him; he'll not always get that, but he'll never get a farthing beyond that.

☞ Charity covers a multitude of sins; the tailor and the dressmaker a multitude of sinners.